

For **of** *the* **FOREST** *by* **RANDALL PARRISH** *ILLUSTRATED BY* **D. J. LAVIN**

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SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harmer, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of heinous, also heeded for Fort Harmer, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harmer's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auray, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmer to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wap-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot, and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that they have seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the fort. He is followed by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut, who proves to be Rene D'Auray, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wap-tah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They find escape from the island out of the helicopter around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and leaves him for dead after a desperate fight. The Indians capture the cabin after a hard struggle in which Hayward is wounded. Rene saves Hayward from death at the hands of the savages and conceals him in the cellar of the cabin. Hayward discovers a half-breed negro in the cellar. They engage in a fierce fight which ends when the negro fatally butts his brains out against the low roof of the cellar. Hayward meets his double, Joseph Hayward of the British army, who later admits that he had held D'Auray a prisoner in the cabin, but that he knew nothing about his death. His object in detaining D'Auray was to help incite the Wyandots to war. The British declares that D'Auray was murdered by the negro, out of vengeance.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Her eyes wandered from me, whom she located by voice, toward the Englishman, who remained silent, his scarlet coat conspicuous in the glare. A moment their glances met, his face showing white and drawn, hers I could not see.

"Oh, so it is you, is it?" a metallic ring to the low voice. "I thought you



"Please Stand Back, Monsieur; This Is My Affair."

were safely away before this. And you have been hiding here. I ought to have suspected that. Now I remember, you knew of the tunnel."

He did not answer, although I saw his lips move. What was the man afraid of? He had been sharp and snappy enough with me.

"I think you mistake, mademoiselle," I interposed, shocked at the expression of the man's face. "He has told me how it occurred; it was another who killed your father."

"What other?"

"A negro half-breed; I encountered him in the passage; we fought it out there in the dark."

"Alone? Where was this—this man?"

"He was lying unconscious beyond, next to the entrance."

"And—and," the words trembled on her lips, "you—killed the negro?"

"No, mademoiselle, I did not. We struggled together; then he fired at me, and in the flash saw my face. The sight seemed to frighten the man, for he broke away, and endeavored to run. In his haste he forgot the lowness of the tunnel, struck his head against a sharp projection, and died."

She stood motionless, her hands pressed to her forehead. Suddenly she turned from me, and faced him.

"Who was it?" she asked at last, her voice like ice. "Tell me the truth—was it Picard?"

He dropped his eyes, with an odd gesture of the shoulders. The girl's rifle flashed to a level, so quickly I could not even throw out my arm.

"Say yes, or no! Please stand back, monsieur; this is my affair."

"Yes," the word seemed dragged from him.

"And you told monsieur here the negro killed my father? You said that?"

His lips moved, but no sound came forth from them. She waited a breathless moment.

"That was a lie! You would not dare repeat that to me," she burst forth passionately, her whole body trembling. "You thought you could tell him, and he would believe you; would pity you, and let you go. You did not dream that I was here—I, Rene D'Auray, monsieur—to face you. You are afraid of me; yes you are—in my eyes. You think me an Indian!"

That I will avenge myself? Is that what you fear?"

He muttered something in Indian dialect I could not understand.

"You say that to me? You dare say that? You are a bold man to try and threaten me now. Ay, do it then—monsieur," and she stepped aside facing me, "this brute of an Englishman claims to be my husband."

"What," I exclaimed in shocked surprise. "He told me he attempted to make love to you, but failed, yet hinted that marriage might have been possible."

"He did venture that far. Then, monsieur, I will tell you the truth. He won my father to him—God alone knows how—and persuaded me to go through the tribal ceremony. To me, a Christian and a French woman, that mockery of form means no more than to him. It was the price I paid for peace."

"But the Wyandots?"

"In their eyes I am this man's squaw," her voice trembling with scorn, her hand pointing at him. "But in the eyes of God, I am not. His hand has never touched me—never will. Monsieur, I had to tell you."

"And I am glad you did. It is better for me to know."

"Oh, I begin to see," broke in the prisoner, finding his voice. "It is not my appearance that you object to, mademoiselle, only you prefer the Yankee edition."

I strode forward threateningly.

"You low-lived coward!"

"No, monsieur, let him talk," and she caught my arm. "We have no time now for a personal quarrel. We must save a man's life."

"His?"

"Monsieur Brady's. There is but one way. 'Tis for his sake, the endeavor to save him from torture, that I was so long in coming here. I did all that was in my power, but those Indians are not of my tribe. They might listen to me, but for the Englishman who leads them. He is heartless, more cruel than any savage; moreover Brady struck him, and he suspects me of aiding you to escape. There is no mercy in him, and I have failed. They mean to burn him at the stake, and I could do no more."

"Where are they now?" I asked in horror.

"Yonder, on the mainland. I could not remain to witness the scene—I could not, monsieur. I was under guard, but stole away in the darkness, and came here, praying I might find you yet waiting. Now I know God has answered my prayers. He has shown me the way."

She turned from me, her eyes on his face.

"Are you any relative to Monsieur whom you resemble so much?"

He laughed unpleasantly.

"Lord, I hope not—if so the connection is too remote to be considered. I have no desire to claim any Yankee cousins. Why?"

"The reason is not material. I want you to hear me. I do not know you killed my father, but I suspect it, and am certain you lured him to his death. If it was Picard's hand that did the deed, it was done at your desire. I would be justified as a Wyandot in killing you—even this American would grant me the right—but I am going to spare you, Monsieur—on one condition."

"What?" The very sound of his voice proved his realization of her seriousness.

"That you accompany me to the Indian camp yonder, and help me save that white man's life."

"What do I care?"

"You care for your own, no doubt. Well, monsieur, it hangs by a hair. Only on such a pledge will you go forth from here alive."

"You threaten to kill me?"

"It is hardly a threat—it is a certainty, monsieur."

"Tell me the plan then," he said roughly.

"I can control the Indians," she went on, "if the Englishman does not interfere. It will be your part to command him."

"Who is the fellow?"

"The fur trader—Lappin."

He stared into her face; then laughed insolently.

"Then the game is up. By the gods, it would be more likely he burned me. You make sport to suggest I could influence that monster."

"I do not," her face changeless in its expression. "There is nothing for you to laugh at. I know you two are enemies, but he dare not ignore your uniform. He has no authority and you

have. You can accomplish the rescue of this prisoner if you have the courage, and will. There is only one thing for you to say—yes, or no."

"Answer the lady," I commanded sternly.

His eyes settled on my face; they were furtive, cowardly.

"Oh—well—I'll go," he said slowly and sullenly. "But it's little enough good you'll get out of it, I promise you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Fire in the Clearing.

"Go on now," I commanded grimly, "and do not forget. Mademoiselle, do you go first, and show the way. I will keep good guard of the rear."

He climbed the stairs, muttering savagely, with me following so close behind, the muzzle of my gun touched his back.

"I am playing safe," I muttered grimly, "so don't try any tricks in the dark."

We came out on the shore, pausing a moment to gaze out across the water to the gloom of the mainland.

The red and yellow flames lit up the open space fairly well, but all around the black forest wall closed in tightly. It was like a grotesque picture in a frame. Before the fire, mostly with their backs toward us I counted twenty savages on the grass, their red skins and matted hair showing clearly.

They were silent, motionless, apparently staring into the flames. The suddenly yelling came from beyond, from the other side of the fire, where I caught a glimpse of wildly dancing figures, of arms flung in air, of brandished guns, and streaming hair.

I saw Mademoiselle rise silently to her feet, but my hand only gripped harder on the Englishman's shoulder as I watched. Brady advanced between two Indians, his arms bowed behind him, a bloody cloth concealing his jaw. He was bare-headed, his clothing rags, and he staggered slightly as he walked. An Indian struck him with a stick, a vicious blow, and Jappin jerked him forward between the chiefs and the fire. The warriors sat there impassive, emotionless, their eyes cold and merciless. Brady looked into that ring of savage faces with a quiver, throwing back his shoulders, blood trickling down one cheek. It even seemed to me his eyes smiled. Then one of the chiefs spoke without rising, in deep guttural voice. I heard the words, but they were meaningless, a jumble of sound, yet somehow menacing, gruff with threat. The discordant yelling ceased, and a dark mass of forms clustered beyond the blaze, drawing together in a half circle behind the prisoner. The light played over dark, sinister faces and sparkled in the wild savage eyes.

The girl stepped backward, noiselessly, until she stood beside me, her hand touching my arm.

"We are here in time," she whispered, "but can delay no longer."

"He is condemned then? They will not spare him?"

"The chief speaks in Shawnee, and I know little of the tongue, but there is no mercy in his words."

"And you mean to go out there, to face those fiends? Are you not afraid?"

She smiled, a sad, brave smile up into my eyes.

"Monsieur, I must," she said pleadingly. "It is not only his life, but my duty. I leave my rifle here, and bear this, with Christ I am not afraid."

And in her clasped hands, reddened by the flames, I saw a crucifix.

"Mademoiselle, if this man speaks a word of treachery, if by look or gesture he attempts to play us false, will you give me a sign?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Clasp your hands like this about your head; it will be his death warrant. Now, sir, are you ready?"

There was hate in his eyes, but I was glad of it.

"Oh! but I'll get you for this. Yes, I'm ready, you clod of a Yankee peasant! But you'll pay before ever you get out of these woods—oh, Lord! you'll pay."

I half thought he would spring at me, and drew back, my rifle lifted. But he only laughed, his lips snarling, and strode past crunching his way through the thicket. I caught the swift upward glance of the girl's eyes—a message of thanks, ay, more—and she had followed him. I sprang aside amid the trunks of trees, confident I could not be seen, that every savage eye would be riveted upon those two advancing figures. The

warriors, under great chiefs. Yet they listen to words of wisdom from a squaw. I am Running Water; I have eat in the councils of my people; I am the daughter of the White Chief. She glanced about her proudly, looking into the ring of dark faces. "I am a squaw, but I am a Wyandot—no Shawnee dare place a hand on me."

"Tis so," he answered gravely. "I know—but not my—young men. It best you go—I speak true—the white man will die—it has been decided—the Shawnees know not—your God—the God of the Long Robes—the white man dies."

"But he came in peace, not war; he was a messenger to the Wyandots."

The chief had stepped back, and lifted his hand, but now he stood statue-like before her.

"He great hunter—he warrior—we have met in battle. He kill warriors—my tribe—now he die—it is spoken. Sis-e-tah-wah listen—no more."

"But you say you shall," she insisted. "Tis not the Wyandots alone who say this. You may refuse me, you may disregard the cross I bear, but you dare not disobey the word of the English—the great chief across the water. If you will not heed the word of a squaw, listen to this man—a warrior of the Red Coats."

"I know him not," coldly, "nor care what he says. He nothing—to Sis-e-tah-wah—why he come here?"

"To stop this deed, this dastardly outrage; he speaks for the Great Chief. Tis he the Shawnees listen. Now, monsieur."

She stepped aside and the Englishman stood alone, facing the grim-faced Shawnee.

"You say you know not who I am, Sis-e-tah-wah," he said sharply. "Then I will tell you; you and your warriors. I am an officer of England, an aide to Hamilton. Will you hear me now?"

There was silence, profound breathless; the bold defiance had fallen upon them like a blow. Then, before even the chief could answer, the crowding ring of Indians was broken, and into the circle of frellt space strode the fur-trader, his mottled face purple, his musket's bristling. One moment he glowered into the soldier's face, and the latter stepped back receding against mademoiselle, all his audacity gone. Lappin laughed, the cruel echo of it breaking the silence.

"Oh, no," yawned the M. D. "Just my old Swedish patient in New Gotland phoned to know if he could have a little sugar in his coffee!"—Kansas City Star.

began howling lustily to accompany him.

Unable to quiet his screams, I, too, was forced to go, necessitating a second pause in the service.

"Then it occurred to our guest that he had locked the house and retained the key. The doctor would be unable to get either his case or his instruments. To save delay he thought best to take the key at once, so he hastened from the church, while there was a third pause on the minister's part."

"When we reached home doctor was swinging idly in the hammock."

"Why! Why!" exclaimed the unsophisticated cousin, "didn't you have a hurry call to an accident case or something?"

"Oh, no," yawned the M. D. "Just my old Swedish patient in New Gotland phoned to know if he could have a little sugar in his coffee!"—Kansas City Star.

light afforded me sufficient guidance, and I possessed some idea of where I wished to go. I found it with a dozen quick steps, and, even as the first wild scream of discovery burst from the red throats, I crept in behind a decaying log, at the very edge of the opening, and trust my rifle barrel across the rotten bark. Deliberately, coolly, with full determination to act, I drew bead on the red jacket.

They were not five yards away, advancing straight toward the startled group of chiefs, the girl slightly in advance, the freight on her uplifted face, the white crucifix gleaming in her hands. The Englishman, a step behind, his first mad anger already dying, walked like a criminal, with lowered head, and eyes glancing furtively aside. Even by then the treacherous cowardice of him had returned.

At sight of his face I cocked my weapon, every nerve taut as a bow string, breathing through clenched teeth. I cannot say that I saw much of what occurred in that first moment—I had no eyes but for the red jacket—and yet I must have perceived it all.

I remember now the whole scene, as if it hung painted before me, in all its vivid coloring and rapid movement. I saw the chiefs start up, grasping their weapons, at the first scream of alarm, a fierce intensity in their eyes. A glance at those two unarmed figures, and they stood still, gazing at them, yet with a shadow upon the dark, scowling faces that chilled my blood. The yelling ceased; there was no sound, but the pressing forward of bodies, and the crackle of flames. The Shawnee chief, a dark, saturnine face showing under his war-bonnet, stood erect with folded arms. Down the lane of warriors, apparently oblivious to their presence, Mademoiselle came, the Englishman slouching behind. The crowd of figures hid for a moment Brady and his guard, and surged in between me and Lappin.

There was silence; I could hear the wind in the tree tops, the restless movements, the heavy breathing of the excited savages; somewhere a dog barked. Rene stopped, her hand now touching the soldier's sleeve, her eyes on the dark, savage face confronting her. A moment he stared at her, then at the Englishman, while I held my breath.

"Why you—here—gain?" he asked in halting English, the face like bronze. "I—send you—to forest—why come back?"

"Because I am a Wyandot and a Christian," she answered, the words slow and distinct. "We kill warriors in battle, not by torture, Sis-e-tah-wah. I come with this that I may beg your prisoner's life. See; it is the cross of the Great God."

"Huh!" he grunted. "Why should we listen—to a—squaw? The warriors of—the Shawnees—are men."

"So are the Wyandots, Sis-e-tah-wah; they are as the birds of the air. Once they came to the villages of the Shawnees. You know it well—they were

men. Now, when I borrow a book I always read it at once and then put it on a table in plain sight so that I shall remember to return it."

The fourth shelf was full of painful memories for Miranda and she hastened through the slapping and dusting process without stopping to peep within a single cover. The fact was that this particular fourth shelf set was a subscription set and had caused Miranda many an anxious tear. She had paid \$2 a month for it, having in a moment of foolish weakness and vanity put her name to some book agent's pledge, and there had been times when it was difficult to get the \$2, and when she was obliged to ask the agent to call again. How she hated the sight of that man and how sick she was of those books before she had paid for them!

"I suppose I ought to read them," she said to herself as she gave each of the 17 volumes a spiteful slap, "but really, I know I should see that agent's face on every page. And, besides, they are the kind of book one likes to own but doesn't care to read. They are not the sort that are what Charles Lamb called 'take downables,' and some day I mean to take them to some second-hand book store and see what I can get for them."

On the fifth shelf Miranda came across a volume that did not look familiar, though the story itself was one with which she was well acquainted.

"Why, I had forgotten the 'I Had a Copy of The Clotel and the Hound,'" said she as she opened the volume and glanced at the name of an old friend inscribed on the fly leaf. "Dear me! I must have borrowed this book ages ago and then, after I had read it, put it among my own books and just forgot all about it. And I don't know what has become of Elsie Braddon or whether she is Elsie Braddon now. I really don't see how I could have failed to do with this book of hers as I always do with borrowed books—that is, keep them in sight until they are returned—but I don't suppose this belongs to any set, and so it will not be missed like my 'Daniel Deronda.' But perhaps I had better look it out and see if I cannot recall the circumstances of my borrowing it. I have a faint recollection of Elsie's telling me that this was her favorite novel, and that she wanted my opinion of it."

"Well, I suppose she has her opinion of me by this time!"—Chicago Daily News.

All Rests on Fate.

During a prolonged study of the lives of various men both great and small, I came upon this thought: "In the web of the world the one may well be regarded as the warp, the other as the woof. It is the little men, after all, who give breadth to the web, and the great men firmness and solidity, perhaps also the addition of some sort of pattern. But the scissors of the fates determine its length and to that all the rest must join in submitting itself."—Goethe.

When Miranda forgot.

By CONSTANCE NESSLER.

"I mustn't postpone dusting them another minute," said Miranda, as she opened her bookcase door in order to find room for a new volume and noticed how the tops of the old ones were covered by a layer of dust.

With Miranda the dusting of books was a prolonged and serious ordeal, usually attended with much sentimental reminiscence. She couldn't merely wipe the dear backs and faces of her favorite volumes without renewing acquaintance with them. Generally before she had reached the second shelf she was seated on the floor, a pile of books about her, the soiled duster lying by her side and some once loved novel open at her favorite scene. It was where Lord Ormont had confessed his inability to exist without his Evelina, or where the spirited Miss Bennett had dismissed the haughty Mr. Darcy, or where—but there was no stopping and no dusting when once Miranda had fairly started on this dual feat of dusting her books and refreshing her memory.

This morning she banged the book backs and flirited her duster without a pause until she reached the George Eliot shelf, and noticed a telltale vacancy in that beloved set.

"It's 'Daniel Deronda' that has gone," wailed Miranda as she carefully dusted the top of each volume after giving it a bang that was enough to bring all the characters to life again. "And I know who has it. I loaned it over a year ago to Lina Helft, and though I have seen her a dozen times since then she has never mentioned the book. And now she has moved to the suburbs and I suppose she has taken my book with her and will never think of it again or remember that she has broken my set."

"It is like breaking up a family to lose one out of a set," she continued, "and I think that there ought to be a special punishment devised for people who borrow books and never return them."

"I wonder who gave it to me."

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